
THE
MERMAID.
A
FARCE.



THE

5-

M E R M A I D.

F A R C E.

AS PERFORMED

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

D U B L I N :

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ADDRESS.

TO the performers, each of whom was emulous to excel in this piece, the AUTHOR, is free to attribute the very flattering applause with which it was received. To the friendly attentions of Mr. LEWIS, in preparing it for the public eye, he must also express his obligations. Were it not to manifest what the Author feels on the present occasion, it is probable, that this Farce would never have been submitted to the perusal or the candour of the public.

This trifle was originally interspersed with songs, but these were rejected by the AUTHOR, as the piece, were they continued, would have exceeded the usual time limited to the performance of After-pieces. This observation is stated, merely to account for that *abruptness*, which in many of the scenes is at present too obvious.

London, April 13. 1792.

AD 1883

The following is a list of the names of the persons who were present at the meeting of the Committee of the British Museum, held on the 18th of November 1883, at the Museum, London.



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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

SIR GREGORY GANDER	Mr. WILSON,
FEIGNWELL	Mr. M'CREADY,
RAYMOND (<i>disguised as Bowspit</i>)	Mr. MARSHALL,
LOED CROP	Mr. FAWCET,
PROTEUS.	Mr. MUNDEN.

W O M E N.

BELINDA	MIS CHAPMAN,
SUSAN	Mrs. HARLOWE,
LADY GANDER	Mrs. WEBB.

SAILORS, SERVANTS, &c.



T H B
M E R M A I D.
A
F A R C E.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *The Inside of a Tavern.*

*A Table with Bottles and Glasses, round which
are several Sailors sitting.*

Bowsprit. [*A patch on one eye.*]

LA D S, here is a bumper to your health—
I thank you for the trouble you have had in
bringing my trunks on shore—(*rising*)—for
the present I am sorry I must bid you adieu.—
But I shall hope to meet you hereafter staunch
and well, your spirits afloat—and nothing to
interrupt us in the voyage of life.

1st Sailor.

Come, come, don't let your spirits sink;
if you do, the hull will soon go to the bot-
tom.

B

2d Sailor.

2d Sailor.

A better nor a braver lad never wore trowsers.

3d Sailor.

Mayhap the want of cash makes you unhappy—Why you're as flat as the fluke of an anchor—Come cheer up, Master Raymond—

Bowsprit.

You know I mean to pass as Bowsprit, and you have promised to encourage the whim.

3d Sailor.

Well, shiver my topmast, Bowsprit or Raymond, 'tis no matter—I have a few dollars—and dam'me, I shall think them the best I ever earned, if you'll accept of them.

Bowsprit.

I am not, Jack, in want—but shall ever remember your kindness.

3d Sailor.

As to that, do you see—oh! your friend is bearing down this way—Shake hands—may I leave this limb behind me, but I wish you success and happiness. [Exit Sails.]

Enter Feignwell and Proteus.

Feignwell.

So friend [to Bowsprit] dear me, I am grown quite languid from toiling in the vineyard.

Proteus.

And I am grown most infernally languid with hunger, toiling out of it.

Feignwell.

Feignwell.

Silence, insatiable cormorant.

Proteus.

[*Rubbing his belly.*] Hunger will grumble, say what you will.

Feignwell.

Having heard, Sir, that you sailed in the Grampus, with Charles Raymond, I come to inquire if the report of his death be true.

Bowsprit.

[*Aside.*] So he does not know me; this is well—Alas! 'tis too true, it was I that flung him overboard—If you wish to know more about the matter, I refer you to the sharks.

Proteus.

Ha!—ha!

Feignwell.

Unfeeling monster.

Proteus.

Egad, no man feels more than I do—the want of something to eat.

Feignwell.

Poor Raymond—(*affecting to cry*) I can scarcely refrain from weeping.—Sorrow is very dry [*drinks.*] Let us be seated.—Proteus—go to Sir Gregory Gander's, and tell him I shall come to dinner. [*Exit Prot.*]—I suppose Mr. Bowsprit that you are in distress.

Bowsprit.

Yes Sir, I lost my all when I lost Mr. Raymond.

B 2

Feignwell.

Feignwell.

A thought strikes me how you may make your fortune.

Bowsprit.

Is it possible?

Feignwell.

Yes, that it is. I was the class-fellow of young Raymond, and Sir Gregory Gander is his heir, if he dies intestate—Suppose you draw up a will in my favour—I shall apply half his fortune to pious purposes—the other half shall be your's.

Bowsprit.

Agreed.

Feignwell.

Let us retire, and put the laudable scheme in execution.

Bowsprit.

With all my heart—What a good and sensible man—an infamous scoundrel. [*Aside.*

Feignwell.

So I am. [*Exeunt Bowsprit. and Feign.*

SCENE *changes to a Hall in Sir Gregory Gander's.*

Enter Proteus.

Well—well—No, faith, it is ill—ill—for two of the greatest comforts in life I have not enjoyed these two hours—and I have been kept so long on the foot by my master, that I may truly

truly say with King Richard—"A horse—a horse—my kingdom for a horse," or a mare either. [*Sits down.*] Suppose I give Sir Gregory or Miss Belinda a hint.

A I R.

My bowels, in sad vexation,
Pray your commiseration,
Relieve me from starvation,
Or instantly I'll die.

Alas! what shall I do,
If not relieved by you.—

Oh! eating's such a pleasure.
Good nature is a treasure,
Ah! extend it without measure,
To such a poor dog as I.

Though a valet I'm in place, Ma'am,
Yet I'm in piteous case, Ma'am,
The proof lies in my face, Ma'am,
The fact it won't deny.
Alas! &c.

"A horse, my kingdom for a horse."
[*After the song Proteus falls asleep.*]

Enter Sir Gregory.

Eh!—what the devil's the matter—did I not hear some body a singing?—Is there any body here, I say?—[*tumbles over Proteus*]—Oh!

'tis

'tis—this damn'd Proteus—Awake you spouting, singing, sleeping, idle vagabond—

Proteus.

[*Snores.*]

Sir Gregory.

[*Shakes him.*] Wake, I say—do you know who I am, firrah?

Proteus.

[*Half awake.*] A horse—a horse—[*in a low voice*] my kingdom for a horse—

Sir Gregory.

What a democrat—to call Sir Gregory Ganger—knight, alderman, and justice—a horse! Proteus, I say—

Proteus.

[*Rising.*] Your worship—did Sir Gregory Gander, knight, call your honour?

Sir Gregory.

He did, honest, well-bred Proteus. From the hollowness of your voice, I dare swear you are hungry. You have been used, my honest fellow, to better masters than this canting starvling, Feignwell.

Proteus.

Why yes, Sir Gregory—I once lived with King Richard the Third.

Sir Gregory.

Impossible.

Proteus.

Yes, as I am a man—with King Richard, alias the Prince of Denmark, alias Mac-heath.—

Sir

Sir Gregory.
Nonsense—Ah! you would have lived well then—

Protus.

Never liv^{ing} worse in my life.—Why his whole revenue for a week amounted only to five and three pence farthing, and the ends of six mutton lights. [*A great ringing of bells within.*]

Sir Gregory.

Eh! zounds, what's the matter?

[*Exit Sir Gregory and Protus.*]

SCENE *changes to the inside of Sir Gregory Gander's.*

Enter Lady Gander, Susan, and Belinda.

Lady Gander.

Was there ever any thing so absurd—eternally raving about Raymond—I say he is gone to the sharks—Don't you know, girl, that my title dies with me; therefore I command you to marry Lord Crup, and be a lady in your own right.

Belinda.

Do not, my lady, do not, dear mother, persevere. Besides, I have never seen his lordship.

Lady Gander.

What with your obstinacy, and Sir Gregory's gallantries, I am wasted so small, that
I could

I could almost creep into my own nutmeg-grater.—Now I shall tell you the whole history of my courtship with Sir Gregory, which was of nineteen years standing—You know it won't take above a couple of hours—

Susan.

[Screams.]

Lady Gander.

What's the matter with the girl?

Susan.

As I live, I believe, this is his lordship approaching, and your ladyship is in your dishabille.—

Lady Gander.

Oh! oh! true, support me—Oh dear—oh dear! I shall faint—

[They bear her off the Stage.]

Enter Proteus, lighting in Lord Crop.

Crop.

Ay friend, night has come on so fast, that I found it dangerous to proceed. Pray, can I be accommodated with a bed in this house?

Proteus.

Certainly my Lord. Master expected you.

Crop.

Who is your master?

Proteus.

"Take him for all in all"—but here he comes, and will speak for himself.

Enter

Enter Feignwell.

My worthy patron, whom I have not seen so long—Lord Crop here.

Crop.

Amazement! my old friend Feignwell?

Feignwell.

Your Lordship is so kind—this visit is so unexpected.

Crop.

Unexpected indeed.

Feignwell.

Even so. Your Lordship is as welcome as a full congregation at a charity sermon, or a pretty woman at a love feast.

Crop.

I am monstrously fatigued; let me see my chamber, and desire my servant to fetch my portmanteau.

Feignwell.

Conduct his Lordship. [*Exeunt Proteus and Crop.*] A thought strikes me—if I can impose this house on his Lordship as my own, in a few hours I shall contrive to perplex him and Sir Gregory—He shall have no interview with Belinda—so—so—I shall so manage matters as to frustrate the intention of this Lord and the whole family.

Exit.

Enter Sir Gregory, and Bowsprit.

Sir Gregory.

So Doctor, I find this is our good friend,
who has delivered you Raymond's will—Con-
found his officiousness. *[Aside.*

Feignwell.

Even so, Sir Gregory.

Sir Gregory.

Very kind indeed—You have seen service,
I presume. Pray what has disfigured your
countenance?

Bowsprit.

The loss of a peeper, that's all—

Sir Gregory.

Monstrous! with what indifference he
takes it.

Bowsprit.

A twelve pounder having whiz'd close by
my nose, the wind that came from it in an en-
gagement whip'd the left eye out of the
socket, and has left me, as you see, but the
one sparkler.

Sir Gregory.

Egad I like you—You're such a happy un-
fortunate fellow—You are welcome Bowsprit
to remain in my house—for I think, Feign-
well, that he who loses one eye in the service
of his country, never should be suffered in
old England, to see distress with the other.

Go

Go get you gone and make yourself comfortable.

Bowspit.

Thank your honour.—(*Exit Bowf.*) Now shall I see my divine Belinda.

Feignwell.

As to the will, Sir Gregory—

Sir Gregory.

Poo—poo—I have an amour on hand—Raymond's affairs are embarrassed, it will take much time to arrange them—Confound the will, when I hoped to inherit all myself. [*Aside.*

Feignwell.

Fear no trouble from me, I dare say you have been an upright and prudent guardian—You have one angelic daughter—give her to me, and the whole property shall be at your disposal.

Sir Gregory.

Wisely spoken—come let us retire and fix matters for the nuptials.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Belinda, and Susan, at opposite sides.

Belinda.

Susan—Susan—

Susan.

Oh Miss Belinda—I have seen his Lordship—such a coxeomb—

Belinda.

Belinda.

Here he comes, and my spirits are so depressed about Raymond that I cannot for my soul trifle with him.

Susan.

Then leave him to me, madam.

Belinda.

If you please, Susan.

[Retires behind.]

Enter Crop.

Oh—Oh—I see how matters stand—

[walks round and views Susan.]

Susan.

Good morrow young man.

[courtesying awkwardly.]

Crop.

How ignorant! Young man—good day, young day, Miss.

[Imitates the courtesy.]

Susan.

Give me leave to say, Sir—

Crop.

That you are like all your sex who have no objection to be kissed by a smart young fellow.

[Attempts to kiss her.]

Susan.

No, but I won't, except I know for what, though.

Crop.

Crop.

Come kiss me, my sweet vestal, and I will give such fine things—

Susan.

What do you call names for; I am no vestal—If you call me one of your strumpets again [crying] you shall stand in a white sheet, that you shall.—[Laughing] Ecod, you're for all the world in the face like John the Ossler.

Crop.

Come—come dry those eyes—here is money—[gives money, she flings it at him.] What means all this—I am quite astonished!—Confound me but it is as singular as a peer refusing a pension [following her] I'll follow you, by Jupiter.

Susan.

You had better not, you poor contemptible—ill looking thing, you.

[Exit Susan, Crop following.]

Enter Sir Gregory and Feignwell.

Sir Gregory.

Is not that a stranger? pray who is he?

Feignwell.

That, Sir, is a particular friend of mine, that has followed me here—he is great, great, grand nephew to prince Blowdrakey of Wallachia.

C

Sir

Sir Gregory.

Prince Blowdriskey of Wallachia—Zounds, if he speaks English I should like to be in company with him—for I never was in company with blood royal, except at a play house, and when I was knighted. He seems rather pensive, can you conceive any cause for his being so.

Feignwell.

Yes—he led an army against the Turks who killed seven thousand of the infidels on the spot—and he never since held up his head, but is eternally seeking a quarrel that may terminate his life.

Sir Gregory.

He is a man of feeling—

Feignwell.

Yes—he tells a curious story of his having fallen in love with a Mermaid in the river Meandrowitz—whom he went one day to solicit in marriage.

Sir Gregory.

In marriage!

Feignwell.

Yes, even in marriage—He found her combing, as he says, her beautiful tresses—but a huge white bear advancing at the moment—she being locked in the ice, devoured her

her in his presence—and this, he says, is the cause of his melancholy.

Sir Gregory.

My heart bleeds for him——

Feignwell.

So it ought.

Sir Gregory.

The mention of a Mermaid or white bear would make him very melancholy.

Feignwell.

I think from his manner, he wishes to provoke a quarrel, as his life is a burden to him.

Sir Gregory.

Oh! dear—Oh! dear, I long much for some conversation with him; but then I don't like duelling—[*Enter a Servant, whispers Sir Gregory*] I shall visit her instantly—and do you hear, have a bottle and some glasses ready, and I will at all events enjoy a tale with the Prince.

[*Aside.*

[*Exit Sir Gregory.*

Feignwell.

[*Solus.*] So far prosperous—if my scheme succeeds, and Sir Gregory should not have resolution to meet this lord, it will prevent him from proposing for his daughter Belinda,—and Sir Gregory is so consummate a block-head, that he will take matters to be in the very state that I have represented them.

Enter Croop.

Your most obsequious, Doctor—you see I am quite familiar in your family—My motto is, Ease and confidence. But who is that strange looking animal you now parted with?

Feignwell.

That my lord is a very unfortunate character. He is quite desperate in consequence of his disappointments in life, and insults every person he meets, to provoke some one to kill him in a duel.

Croop.

If he wishes to be killed, and not to kill, there can be no danger in meeting him.—Is his story a curious one?

Feignwell.

Yes, my Lord.—He had accumulated great riches in the east, but in conveying his wealth over land, the caravan was attacked, and defeated by a troop of wild Arabs. Many who composed the caravan were massacred, and all were defeated.—He was spared on condition that he would join the rebel Bey, and was, in a short time after, taken by a party of Janizaries, just as he had severed from the body the head of a Bashaw with three tails.

Croop.

He must be a terrible fellow.

Feignwell.

Feignwell.

On his being taken, he was carried to the grand Signior; but was spared his life, on embracing the Mahometan religion, and submitting to be qualified for an attendant in the seraglio. Now whether his misfortunes, or his living three days on the broiled tail of a serpent and crocodile's milk, that has made him so ferocious, are questions which puzzle me exceedingly: what think your Lordship?

[Enter Servant, whispers Feignwell, and exit.

Crop.

It must be a gross fiction.

[Sir Gregory enters behind Crop, unseen by either Feignwell or Crop.

Crop.

[Picking his teeth.] Crocodile's milk—broiled serpent's tail—ha, ha, I would as soon believe that he swam away with a Mermaid, or that he rode post on an Unicorn.

Sir Gregory.

[Behind.] Ay, ay, still harping on the Mermaid.

Enter a Servant.

[To Feignwell.] She cannot wait, Sir.

C 3

Feignwell.

Feignwell.

Your Lordship will please to excuse the pressing necessities of the fair, and will pardon me while I go and console one of the sister-hood.

Crop.

Certainly.

[Exit Feignwell.]

[Looking in a pocket glass.] An ugly pimple this—an attendant in the seraglio—Bashaw with three tails—ha, ha, crocodile's milk.

Sir Gregory.

Egad he seems a merry fellow, and speaks the language quite fluently. *[Looks over Crop's shoulder.]* What is this takes up his attention? some stupid thing I'll be sworn.

[Crop sees the reflection of Sir Gregory in the glass, turns about, and both seem much frightened.]

Sir Gregory.

Be not alarmed, most puissant Prince.

Crop.

Puissant prince!—beginning already *(aside)*—*[fearfully]* No—*[more boldly]* No, most profound Mussulman.

Sir Gregory.

Mussulman!—What can he mean by that!—Mussulman! *[Frightened and aside.]* To insult me, I suppose—

Enter

Enter Servants, with tables and glasses.

Will your Highness be seated?

Crop.

With all my heart, Sir. [*They both approach the table with fear, and sit opposite each other.*]

Sir Gregory.

In the part of the world your Highness came from—you have a number of bears—Nay, some of them I am told are white—
[*Aside.*] Now for the lye about the Mermaid.

Crop.

Ay, black, white, green, and various colours—Bulls and bears devouring each other daily—I have often walked arm in arm with them—
[*aside*] On the Exchange.

Sir Gregory.

Walk'd arm in arm with them—[*Aside*] What a thumper.

Crop.

Pray, most noble Mussulman, did the Arabs make use of crocodile's milk—ha! ha!—during your expedition with them, or was it only given to their captives?

Sir Gregory.

[*Aside.*] I must humour him—Oh you, most noble Prince—Believe me, when I heard of your sweetheart, the Mermaid, being devoured by the white bear, I almost shed tears.—Oh! it was a lamentable sight.

Sir

Crap.

He means to insult me—the Mermaid, did you say, Sir?

Sir Gregory.

Yes! the Mermaid you fell in love with, you know.

Crap.

Oh yes—she was indeed a beautiful girl—I doubt if you had a prettier in the scraglio—Poor Emily—if you saw her funeral.

Sir Gregory.

Her funeral?

Crap.

Yes, it was accompanied by millions of Naiads, and numerous Tritons. It was preceded by a bright assemblage of Seanympths—old Neptune was chief mourner—and the corpse was borne away by a shoal of lamenting dolphins!

Sir Gregory.

[*Aside.*] Was there ever such an abominable fib?

Crap.

I should thank you to let me see the wig of the Bathaw with three tails.

Sir Gregory.

Yes, certainly.—[*Aside.*] What the devil shall I do now?—Come, Prince, take your glass

glass—I will give you your great, great grand-uncle, General Blowdisky.

Crop.

With all my heart—*[They drink.]* Come fill a bumper to our host.—He is an impudent fellow for being absent.

Sir Gregory.

The wine gets in his head.—It would be dangerous to stay longer.—I will not drink our host.—I know better manners.

Crop.

He is a scoundrel.

Sir Gregory.

Your Highness lyes—I say, boo—dam me he is not.

Crop.

Vile Mussulman, I say he is.

Sir Gregory.

Scoundrel—Mussulman—cease your impertinence, or——

Crop.

Hem!—hem!—hem!—

Sir Gregory.

Hem! hem!—*[Louder.]*—*They strive by gestures to frighten each other. Sir Gregory turns his wig awry—They both set off apparently to shun each other, crying—Help!—ho, help! help!—*

Enter

Enter several Servants.

Crop.

Murder--murder, help—[*Crop runs towards the Servants, and Sir Gregory to the opposite side of the stage.*]

Sir Gregory.

Bind the Prince, he is most outrageously drunk.

[*They seize him.*]

Crop.

'Pon honor, he is most beastly intoxicated--

Sir Gregory.

Bind him fast, I say, and I will write to his great uncle this night.—Bind him fast, I say, and lock him in the great oak chest in the garret—Take him away, I say--

[*They drag Crop off. Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

A C T

A C T II.

SCENE—*The outside of Sir Gregory's House. A Garden.*

Enter Bowsprit.

HERE I am again thrown on the world, through the machinations of Lady Gander. I shall tap softly at the door, and probably Belinda will give me admittance. [*Raps at the door.*]

Belinda appears at the window.

Belinda.

Away, my dear Raymond, your discovery now would ruin all—Matters are not yet ripe for a disclosure of our situation.—Feignwell conspires against you, and he must be punished. They are determined to trepan you—I am confined, and cannot assist you—Proteus has been also dismissed, with a threat
that

that if he dares return, my father will commit him to prison.

Bowsprit.

I will force the door, by all that's cruel.

Belinda.

Do not, as you regard our happiness.—Proteus is fertile in expedients—pray leave all to him, and Susan.—She has a suit of my clothes on, and will manage matters to your satisfaction.—Hark—I hear a noise—Fly, they are in search.

[*Exit from the window. Bowsprit retires behind a tree.*]

Enter Susan from the House. Stage dark.

Susan.

So Miss Belinda has ordered me to dress myself in her clothes.—I have done so, and let Lord Crop out of the chest—but have locked him into the garret, that I may have an opportunity of imposing upon him. Hold, I will go—but then may not I give the promised meeting to old Sir Gregory—Ecod the old fellow is a keen sportsman—like a good pointer, he moves slow, for fear he should spring his game.—Ay, ay—here he comes.

Sir Gregory.

Pretty, pretty Susan.

Susan.

Susan.

Pretty, pretty Sir Gregory.

Sir Gregory.

Egad, she doats on me—Oh dear—if it would please Providence but to take my wife, I should soon, Sukey, make you my lady.

Susan.

[*Aside.*] Ay, but if my scheme succeeds, I shall be a lady before that though—Lord Sir, if my mistress doated on you as I do—what a fine, old, fond, venerable couple you would be—

Sir Gregory.

Not so old neither, bewitching hussy.

Susan.

Not disagreeably so—If you was, I would not love you so, you know—

Sir Gregory.

And do you really love me, Sue?

Susan.

As well—as well—as your worship loves a good dinner.

Sir Gregory.

Ecod, I would not wish you to love me better. [*Half aside.*]—Come, come, I must have a taste.

Susan.

[*Screams.*]

D

Sir

Sir Gregory.

What's the matter.

Susan.

[*Affects to cry bitterly.*] Oh I am ruined, undone—undone for ever—

Sir Gregory.

Make no noise child, Lady Gander will hear you—I have not ruined you, sure.—Why, I did not as much as kiss you.

Susan.

How can you talk of kissing to a poor girl who has lost her whole years wages—Oh—Oh—

Sir Gregory.

[*Gives her his purse.*] There child don't cry, 'tis but a trifle [*attempts to kiss her, she screams again*] Zounds you have not lost another years wages have you?

Susan.

No Sir, as I live I hear my old mistress's foot—

Sir Gregory.

Eh—'sblood where shall we hide.

Susan.

You step behind that tree, Sir—and I shall go behind this.

Sir Gregory.

Had we not better hide in the same place?

Susan.

Susan.

There is no time for talking Sir—[*a noise heard*] Do as you are bid [*in a passion.*] They retire behind separate trees.—

Enter Proteus, disguised as a hair dresser.

Proteus.

“Oh what a night is here for love”

Sir Gregory.

Zounds are we discovered—

Susan.

Silence Sir.

Proteus.

Here I am after being dismiss'd my place by that old knave Feignwell, for attempting, as we say at our debating society, to emancipate or liquidate poor *Lord Crop*.—I am obliged to use this stratagem to gain admittance.—Let me see—

Sir Gregory.

This a downright damnable plot--I believe; I wished I could hear what he says—then I should soon get to the bottom of the secret.

Susan.

What secret, Sir—

Sir Gregory.

Hush!—

D 2

Proteus.

Proteus.

Egad, if all trades fail—I should like to
 turn actor—they are a set of merry dogs—
 I think my talents are by no means despicable
 —And as for my voice—why, at a hymn in a
 country church I have been more than once
 the object of the most stupid admiration—
 I will suppose this the stage, and try the
 strength of my voice—Hem! hem!

A I R.

Now friends, I'll suppose all around me,
 Like bottles rang'd tier o'er tier,
 But then I'm so am'rous, confound me,
 I'll ogle at each pretty dear.

Yet, with a tragical hint,

“A horse, my kingdom for a horse,”
 Or a comical hint.

“Now, why looks Maria so cross,”

I'll succeed, or the devil's in't.

Ob!

Oh ! what grace I'll display in each start,
 Whether comic again or absurd,
 In each row I'll transport every heart,
 From poor Sneak, to bold Richard the
 Third,

Thus with a tragical squint,
 "I'll seize, I'm resolv'd, on the crown,
 Or a comical hint—
 "I will have a bit of the brown,"
 I'll succeed, or the devil's in't.

Oh ! in acting's what frolic and fun !
 Whether comic, we laugh—or boo rave,
 Whether cheerful or gay as the sun,
 Or thus [*with arms folded*] we look
 stupidly grave—

Thus with a tragical squint,
 "I'll seize, I'm resolv'd, on the
 crown." &c.

Very well upon my soul—Now, by way
 of variety, I will try a touch of Hamlet's
 Ghost—[*Powders his face with his puff.*]

Ay, this same puff is sometimes of as much service to us great actors, as it is to authors, cobblers, and prime ministers. Hem! now for a grand scene.

Lady Gander.

[*In the House.*] Susan, I say—

Proteus.

[*Stalks obliquely towards the door.*] “I am thy father’s spirit, Hamlet”——

Lady Gander enters at the instant.

Lady Gander.

My poor father. *Falls on her knees.*

[*Susan slips into the house and Sir Gregory without being seen, except by Proteus.*]

Proteus.

What the devil shall I do now? “where shall I hide me?” [*Aside.*]—Rise, rise—do rise, Miss—pray rise—I am not your papa’s ghost—It is all a joke—a sham.

Lady Gander.

Rise, Miss—Miss—What an accomplished, polite ghost!—Now, long as I am married, Sir Gregory never made use of so kind a word——

Re enter

Re-enter Sir Gregory [in night-cap, &c.]

Sir Gregory.

My Lady—my Lady——

Proteus.

My divine Ophelia.

[She rises.]

Sir Gregory.

If you don't desist, I will commit you as a spouter and a vagabond.

Proteus.

“Thy gallant bearing *Gander* I could plaud—But that the name of bravo, stains the magistrate”—Avaunt, thy blood is cool—thy passion is hot!——“I would drink the Nile, or eat a crocodile to serve her—Wouldst thou do't?”——

Sir Gregory.

We have no such fish at Billingsgate.——

Proteus.

Hence then; wouldst thou move Olympus?

Sir Gregory.

That I would commit him too, if he was impertinent. Retire, my Lady, and leave me to the management of this fellow.——

Lady Gander.

Blame him not, Sir Gregory——Your intrigues are the cause of all this mischief—

Sir

Sir Gregory.

Peace, I say, retire instantly.

Lady Gander.

Unfeeling Saracen——

[*Exit.*

Sir Gregory.

And now, Sir, a word with you—Whence comes this outrage on my peace—this interruption of my happiness.

Proteus.

I have been sent by my master to shave and dress you—but seeing you a little amorous or so—and hearing the old one call, why, I used this stratagem to prevent a discovery.

Sir Gregory.

Then thou art an honest fellow—Come follow me, follow me, my boy—You are a good fellow.

[*Exit Sir Gregory.*

Proteus.

Just as I could wish, now I shall get at the keys, and enlarge his Lordship.

[*Exit.*

Enter Belinda and Lady Gander.

Lady Gander.

Come, Belinda, I will have no whining—I say you shall marry my Lord Crop the moment

ment he arrives. Be cheerful, and in spite of your father's foibles you shall be happy.

Belinda.

That, Madam, is impossible.—Suppose that Raymond was to live—do you think I could use him with so much baseness.

Lady Gander.

He does not live, and if he did—would you disgrace the blood of the Ganders by such a plebeian connection—Would you curdle the blood of the Ganders, just as it is purified by new dignities, by degrading yourself with a vile sea-horse—Have you no pride?

Belinda.

Yes, Madam—The pride of not committing a mean or an ungenerous action, for all that titles or that fortune can bestow—

Enter Sir Gregory, with a napkin under his chin and his face lathered.

Sir Gregory.

Here^m William—John—James—call the watch—awake the neighbours, alarm my friends.

Enter

Enter Servants.

Servant.

Did your honour call?

Sir Gregory.

Yes, and bellow too—That cursed fellow has so tortured my eyes, that I can scarcely see a wink—and when I did, he had decamped with the key of the great oak-chest.—He will enlarge the Prince, who will massacre us every one, as he did the infidels—Oh lud!—Oh lud!

[Exeunt omnes.]

SCENE *changes to the Garret.*

A large Chest on a Table, and green Cloth.

Enter Proteus.

Proteus.

So far prosperous—Egad, I am a good optician, for I have made old Gander see 10 *per cent.* better, ha, ha—But while I am laughing the poor Lord might be dying.—I'll release him—*[Goes to the chest, attempts to open it.]* My Lord, my Lord—"Oh speak to me."

Crop.

I have been enlarged, but am afraid to attempt an escape. *[Speaks from under the table, full of powder from the chest.]*

Proteus.

Proteus.

You are right, my Lord ; for if you are caught, you will spend another hour in your late apartments.

Crop.

But what apology could the scoundrel make, if I had been stifled. What would he have said ?

Proteus.

Said—He would have said that you died of a stuffing in the chest, that's all—Eh !—but here comes the old fellow and all his servants.

Crop.

What's to be done ?

Proteus.

I know not—Suppose, my Lord, we change clothes—by this means you may escape, and when they find who I really am, no mischief can happen to either.

Crop.

The scheme is a good one ; let us put it in practice. [*They change clothes, Proteus slips behind the door.*]

Enter

Enter Sir Gregory and Servants.

Sir Gregory.

There he is, there he is. [*Proteus slips down stairs.*] Seize him, seize him.

[They seize Crop.

Crop.

Do you know me, fellows?

Sir Gregory.

Yes, that they do—You scoundrel, you have almost blinded me---Search him---I dare swear he has some of my property. [*They search Crop, and find the key of the chest.*] Burglary—downright private stealing before my eyes.

Crop.

Will you hearken to reason, good Muffulman?

Sir Gregory.

What! add insult to robbery?—

Crop.

Will you hearken to reason?

Sir Gregory.

Take him away, I say—What, firrah, call upon a magistrate to hearken to reason in his own cause!—Take him away, I say; take him away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to another Apartment.*

Enter Susan.

Susan.

When I look in the glass—lackadesy, but I scarcely know myself—Lord Crop I am glad to find is enlarged—now if I could impose upon him or Feignwell, what glorious fun it would be.—

Enter Proteus.

[*Peeping.*] I shall certainly be discovered. Oh this is Miss Belinda, and she is too good a soul to inform against me [*approaching.*] Madam—I have a circumstance to mention—that—that—I am almost afraid—as—as—

Susan.

My Lord, I know it—and a few words are best among friends, you know—why, you might make love to me as fast as you please.

Proteus.

Indeed—no bad hint that—Egad, I'll take it.—Ho---ho---she takes me for Lord Crop.---You have heard of my escape, Belinda.---

Susan.

Oh yes, my Lord---and a wonderful oration it has kicked up.

E

Proteus.

Proteus.

Yes, Miss, it was rather a dingy affair, or so, 'pon honor—

Susan.

When it happened, I was brushing out the rooms.—

[*Bites her fingers.*]

Proteus.

Brushing out the rooms!

[*Surprised*]

Susan.

No—I was not brushing out the rooms—but it is all the same—I was obliged to watch that Susan, while she was doing the rooms—as my mamma is afraid of her intriguing with papa.

Proteus.

“Oh Miss Bell, you are fairer than painting can express.”

Susan.

That's true, my Lord—but for all that, if you were to marry me, what would your connections say.

Proteus.

Confound my connections—

[*Catching himself.*]

Susan.

Susan.

Suppose, my Lord, we take each other for better for worse, without consulting our connections—What say you?

Lady Gander.

Just as I wish—How much better to marry a sweet-scented lord, than a vulgar sea-calf—I always determined that she would be a lady.

Proteus.

I have been considering, my lovely *Adonis*, of what you've said, and 'pon honor I think it will be the most fashionable mode of disposing of ourselves.

D U E T.

SUSAN and PROTEUS.

Susan.

When a Lady I am, I will ride in my coach,

Proteus.

In the dance you shall stand at the top,

Susan.

The vulgar my Ladyship ne'er shall approach,

Proteus.

Nor their nose in your presence dare pop.

E 2

Sue.

Susan.

Let it hail, rain, or snow,

Both.

Our coach we've you know,

Susan.

For what can be more shocking,

When cold fleets,

Befoul the streets,

And dirty all ones stocking.

Both.

Oh ! how shocking,

Sullied stockings, [*Looking at them.*

But we shall be so gay, O ;

With horses prancing,

Cap'ring dancing,

Lolling in our shay, O —

Lady Gander comes forward, Sir Gregory enters behind with Servants.

Lady Gander.

Now Belinda, you shew yourself a dutiful child. There take her, my Lord, and I give her to you with my blessing.

Enter Sir Gregory.

Sir Gregory.

Hold a little, if Prince Blowdrisky is restored to his senses, if the fumes of the wine have

have evaporated, I would first have some conversation with him. But, at all events, you cannot have my daughter, Prince.

Susan.

How can you be so cruel, father?

[Throwing her head modestly aside.]

Lady Gander.

Don't be agham'd, child. Prince Blow-drisky, nonsense, this is Lord Crop.

Proteus.

Sir, my connections and fortune are such—

Sir Gregory.

[Looking at him.] Lord Devil—you stupid woman—why this is that villain Proteus.

Lady Gander and Susan.

Proteus—oh shocking—*[Susan attempts to faint.]* Is it possible!

Sir Gregory.

Is it possible?

Proteus.

Yes, Sir; and if you forgive me, I will confess all—

[They retire and whisper.]

Lady Gander.

Come, rouse child.

[Takes out her smelling bottle.]

[Proteus]

[Proteus and Sir Gregory come forward.]

Proteus.

As I live Sir, his Lordship will ruin you for false imprisonment.

Sir Gregory.

Run and enlarge his Lordship instantly—[*Servants without*—]—that scoundrel Feignwell has imposed upon me—Confound his white bears, and crocodile's milk—Belinda, you must marry the real Lord Crop immediately.

Susan.

Yes, master.

[*Courtseys.*

Lady Gander.

That huffey Susan dressed in my daughter's clothes, as I am a lady.

Sir Gregory.

It is so; well, well, I'll have trick for trick—Oh, here comes Feignwell.

Feignwell.

Wonderful, wonderful John Bunjan—[*reading*—]—pray, have you enlarged the Count?

Sir Gregory.

Yes—we have no time to lose—take my daughter and my blessing—take her away—

The

The Count approaches—and my Lady insists that he shall have her. The parson waits, take her, I say.

Susan.

Do, Mr. Feignwell—for I have long set my heart upon you, thou upright man.

Feignwell.

Amiable simplicity—

[*Exeunt Feignwell and Susan, and Sir Gregory.*]

Enter Bowlsprit and Belinda.

Lady Gander.

Belinda, my dear, strange matters have occurred in the family—In short every thing has combined to make you and me happy. It is fixed that you are to marry Lord Crop, this night.

Enter Sir Gregory.

Sir Gregory.

They are at it—hard at it—I have given her away, and the parson is hard at work making them one—Come, Belinda, you must follow the example of Susan and Feignwell, and marry his Lordship.

Belinda.

Belinda.

No, father, here I make a voluntary surrender of my person—to Raymond—the constant and persecuted Raymond.

Lady and Sir Gregory Gander.

Raymond!

Bowsprit.

[*Discovers himself.*] Even so, Sir Gregory.

Sir Gregory.

Of this I was not aware—Can you forgive me my children?

Bowsprit and Belinda.

Most certainly.

Sir Gregory.

From this moment let us consult only each other's happiness.—I was near, my child, insisting on your acceptance of this rogue Feignwell, as I believed the story of the will was true; and that the account of poor Raymond's death was not a fiction. We are indebted to the contrivance of that arch hypocrite, Feignwell, for the happy conclusion of the evening, and will, with our friends, forgive, I hope, the imposition of the "Mermaid."

